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"SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT"  
By HOPPNER

—Courtesy Moulton and Ricketts Galleries



"UNCLE TATURO OF SEGOVIA"  
By ZUBIAURRE

—Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago

## Important Pictures Recently Seen In Chicago

By JAMES WILLIAM PATTISON

LOVE begets love, and the same is true of success. The objects finding a home in the Art Institute of Chicago because of the success of the museum are becoming so numerous that space for their proper showing begins to fail. Of course there is serious need of new galleries, and, fortunately, we already see them about to materialize. There is a fund for the purchase of new pictures, which will not

be American, because our domestic art is cared for by the society known as the Friends of American Art. Therefore, the most important purchase at present should be good examples of European art, which are the most needed.

When the display of contemporary Spanish painting was at the Art Institute of Chicago, one of the good pictures was secured for the permanent collection. As can be



*"FATHER OF REMBRANDT"*  
By REMBRANDT

—Courtesy American Art News



seen by our illustration, this is a characterful portrait of an old man, "*Uncle Taturó of Segovia*," painted by Valentin de Zubiaurre, a canvas measuring twenty-five by thirty inches. The artist is a deaf mute, born in Madrid, 1870, and studied in that city and Paris. He has received gold medals in Brussels, Munich and Barcelona, and silver medals in Madrid and Buenos Aires. Like all the Spanish pictures, this is peculiar in treatment and color, extremely naturalistic and innocent of arrangement, and yet plainly arranged in the fashion adopted by Spanish painters. The old man's face is very full of color; not the color of north Europeans, but that of Latin races. He appears to be climbing a hill and from this high point he looks down on houses in the valley and to a chateau beyond. These buildings, like the face and hand, are sharply defined and there appears to be no attempt at atmospheric effect. They are gayly colored in the picture as they doubtless were in nature. It is useless to attempt to describe the expression on the old man's face—the illustration tells that—but it certainly is the outcome of careful observation. He is a canny old man, but amiable withal. The contrast which this picture affords with the Italian Renaissance is so very marked that the picture becomes valuable, and an example to students of work unlike that of Raphael or Titian. Possibly it recalls some things by Velasquez.

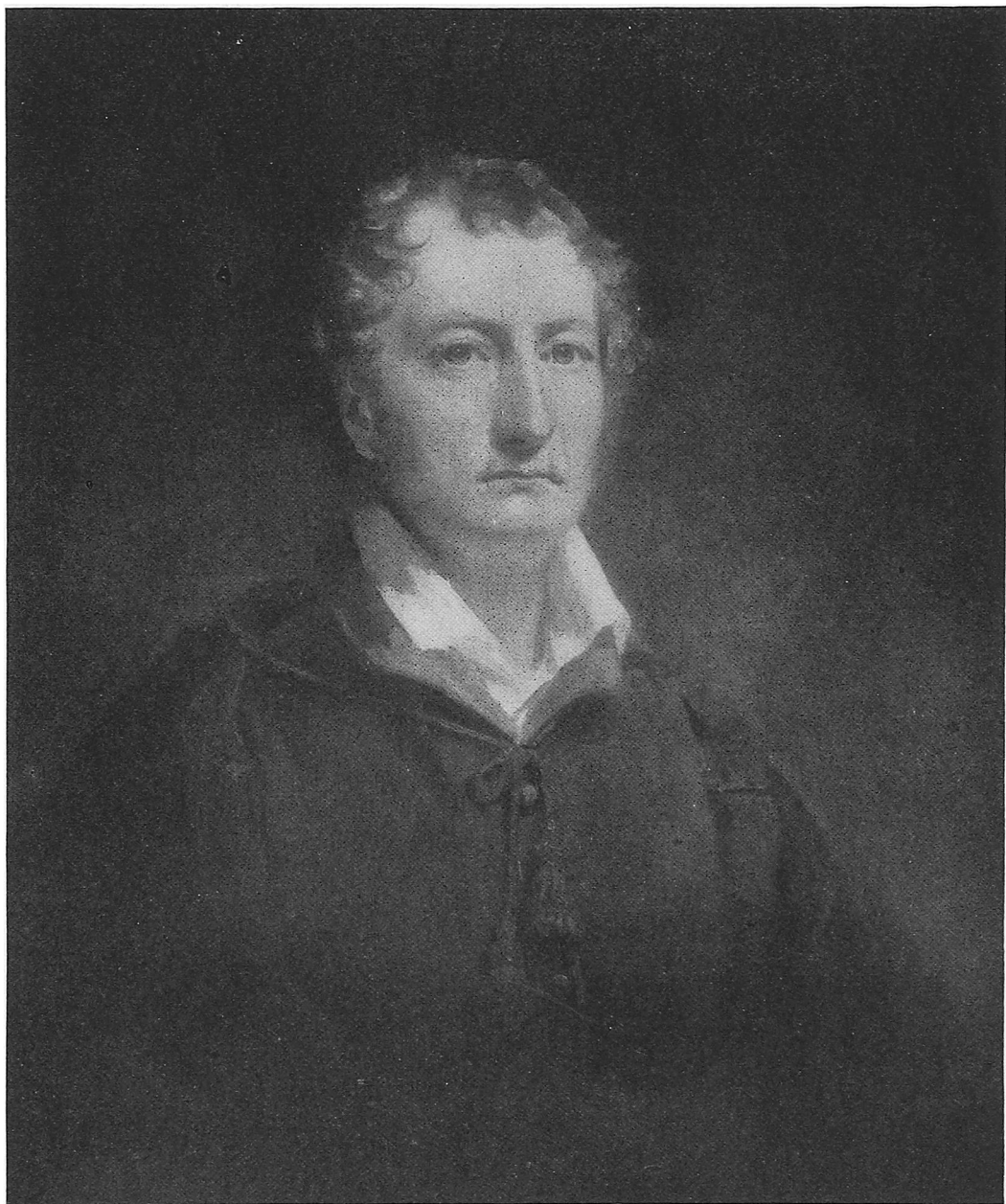
Another important picture which has come to America, imported by the Reinhardt Galleries, is a portrait of the "*Father of Rembrandt*," painted by his famous son. The picture came from the M. von Nemes collection, in Budapest. This has not been publicly exhibited, because it was at once sold to Mrs. W. W. Kimball, of Chicago, and now hangs in her home on Prairie Avenue.

The date of the painting is about 1630, which is a period of the rare work of Rembrandt called "*The Guilders*," one of the

highest priced pictures ever sold in New York, and at a time when the extravagant figures were not as common as now. The technique and color recall "*The Guilders*" painting; glowing flesh, smooth, but very tender, every detail carefully made, beard and hair well worked out. This old man seems to be standing very erect, though we see only from the waist up. He is very alive, the face stern and the expression severely searching. As to costume, the clothes we see in this portrait are exactly those painted by Rembrandt in his own portrait, and they are very carefully rendered. A black velvet cloak of an ample fullness is wrapped about the figure and hanging from the shoulders, a heavy gold chain carries a medal. About the neck, a polished steel gorget fits snugly, exactly as we see it in the artist's portraits of himself. The velvet hat, much curled at the brim after the Renaissance fashion, and in it two voluminous black plumes, gives us again Rembrandt's own costume. The background color favors the intense black of these clothes, being quiet, neutral and a grey yellow, not at all dark. Mrs. Kimball has her house full of choice paintings; a very large Turner, a most important Constable, a Sir Thomas Lawrence of imposing size, and examples of nearly all the English painters of note.

In this consideration of great portrait painters it is not a long step from a good Rembrandt to the portrait painters of the English school, the painters who formed themselves into a sort of group, the leader of which was Sir Joshua Reynolds. Pictures by these men are rare and precious and will always command the admiration of mankind.

At the galleries of Moulton and Ricketts we have the opportunity of seeing some splendid examples of this group. Among these are two portraits by Sir Henry Raeburn and Hoppner. Raeburn deserves his reputation as a portrait painter. The sense



*"WILLIAM STIRLING"*  
By RAEBURN

—*Courtesy Moulton and Ricketts Galleries*

of nobility, dignity and firmness of will appears in all his pictures. That of "*William Stirling, Esq., of Cordale*," shows us a handsome man of middle age, amiable in expression, with a slight hint of severity. In the painting the manner of brushing very suave and smooth, the color rich and vibrating, the hair freely and smartly worked about the forehead. All this indicates the painting of a master. Probably the one feature in all these paintings is their fresh color and tender texture. This canvas is life size, measuring twenty-nine by twenty-four inches.

We find ourselves called upon to draw a comparison between male portraits by Raeburn and by Hoppner, both artists

belonging to the same group, working side by side. That these two should have nearly equal merits and similar attractiveness goes without discussion. There is, however, a certain virtue to be found in the work of Hoppner that has influenced the minds of art lovers for a full generation. In Hoppner's "*Portrait of Sir George Beaumont*" there appears a peculiar perfection of roundness and unity of light. Simplicity of statement is one of the great virtues in art and it influences us even before we analyze it. It is Hoppner's simplicity which carries us away. In examining this portrait



"SIR WALTER RALEIGH"  
By MIEREVELT

—Courtesy Moulton and Ricketts Galleries

it should be observed that from the crown of white hair, through the face, along the stock, there is a certain reposefulness of effect that is very beautiful. Everything in the portrait is complete in detail, but no detail interferes with the simplicity. The figure is a master unit.

We have also here a "*Portrait of Sir Walter Raleigh*," by M. Mierevelt. That he was a handsome man is quite evident. The drawing and modeling of the beautiful eyes, bold nose and sensitive mouth, suggest a fine character. What handsome man could fail of his high calling when his fea-



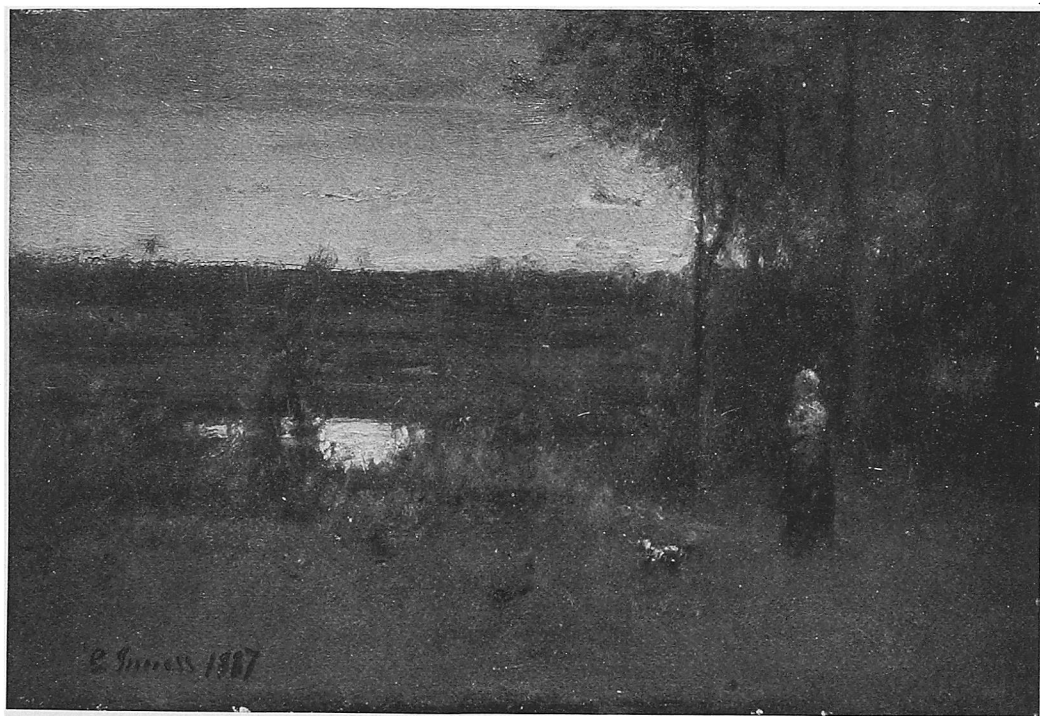
"GLIMPSE OF THE LAKE"  
By INNESS

—Courtesy Moulton and Ricketts Galleries

tures, framed in a beautiful lace ruffle, look out at us so calmly? Quite naturally our minds recall the history of Raleigh and his courting of Queen Elizabeth, and, perhaps, we read in this portrait a great deal more than the artist himself had in consideration. These were the days of architectural clothes when Sir Walter occupied himself at the Queen's court. The dignity and severity of his costume may have had its effect upon the course of his life. The silk sleeves, stitched in lines, were in the fashion of the period and give their own character to the figure.

A number of very fine examples by George Inness have recently found their way to Chicago through the same source.

Among these is one entitled "*Glimpse of the Lake*." It is on a canvas twenty-two by twenty-seven inches, painted in 1888, and is one of the most characteristic pictures of this great painter. It was brought before the public in the famous first Inness sale. As we look over the artist's life, noting the direction of development and contrasting this picture with his early work, we find in his first canvases dryness and materiality. Through his early middle life his painting became more suggestive and escaped from hardness, though still somewhat material a presentation of facts, but more poetical. After a certain moment the real suggestiveness and mystery, the artist's glory, was developed; and to this period the "*Glimpse of*



**"SUNSET GLOW"**  
By INNESS

—Courtesy Moulton and Ricketts Galleries



**"A WINTER MORNING, MONTCLAIR"**  
By INNESS

—Courtesy Moulton and Ricketts Galleries





*"NEAR HASTINGS"*  
By INNESS

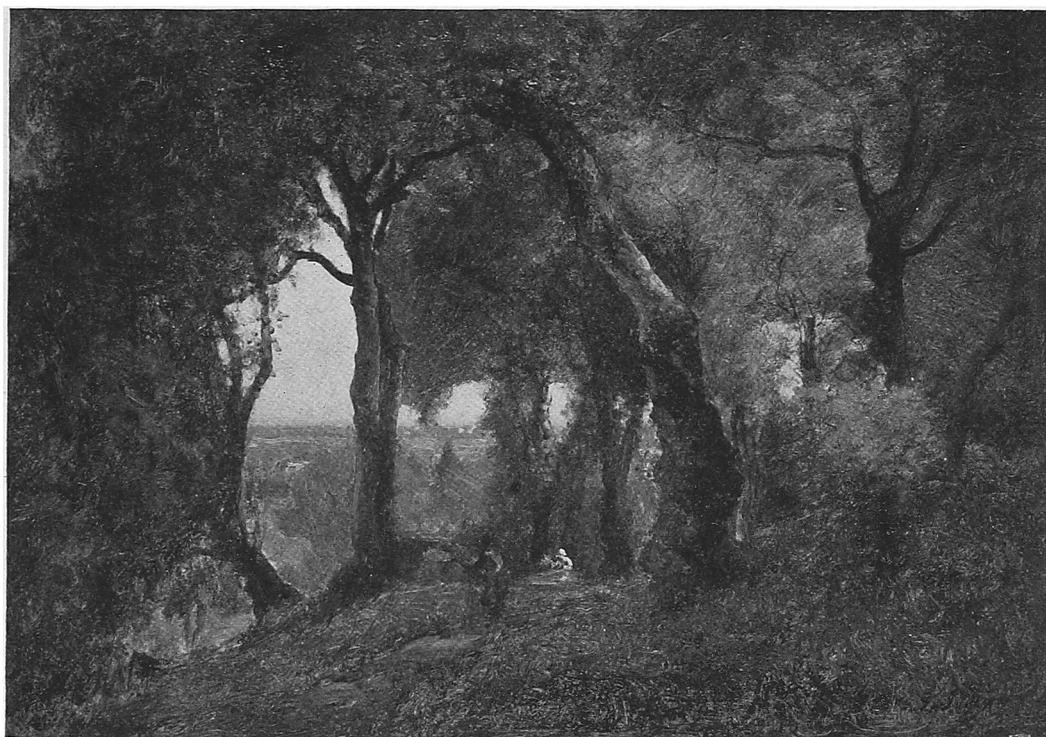
—*Courtesy Moulton and Ricketts Galleries*

*the Lake*" belongs. His pictures became vibrations, and all the forms fluffy, though with it all the surfaces are abundantly maintained. He made other ultra mysterious pictures like this one, whose mystery is remarkably purposeful, studied and real. It will bear complete examination to discover new forms and new surfaces. I have never seen its equal, not even in the Butler collection at the Art Institute.

Throughout his life Inness loved to paint green pictures in which the whole effect depends upon the variety of this color, and the "*Glimpse of the Lake*" has in it almost no other, though a little figure in rose color serves to give value to the entire tone. It is exceedingly difficult to describe the technique of the picture. The curious way in which it is rubbed together defies description. Running across the whole foreground and climbing a clump of trees on the left, the green is mottled with grey,

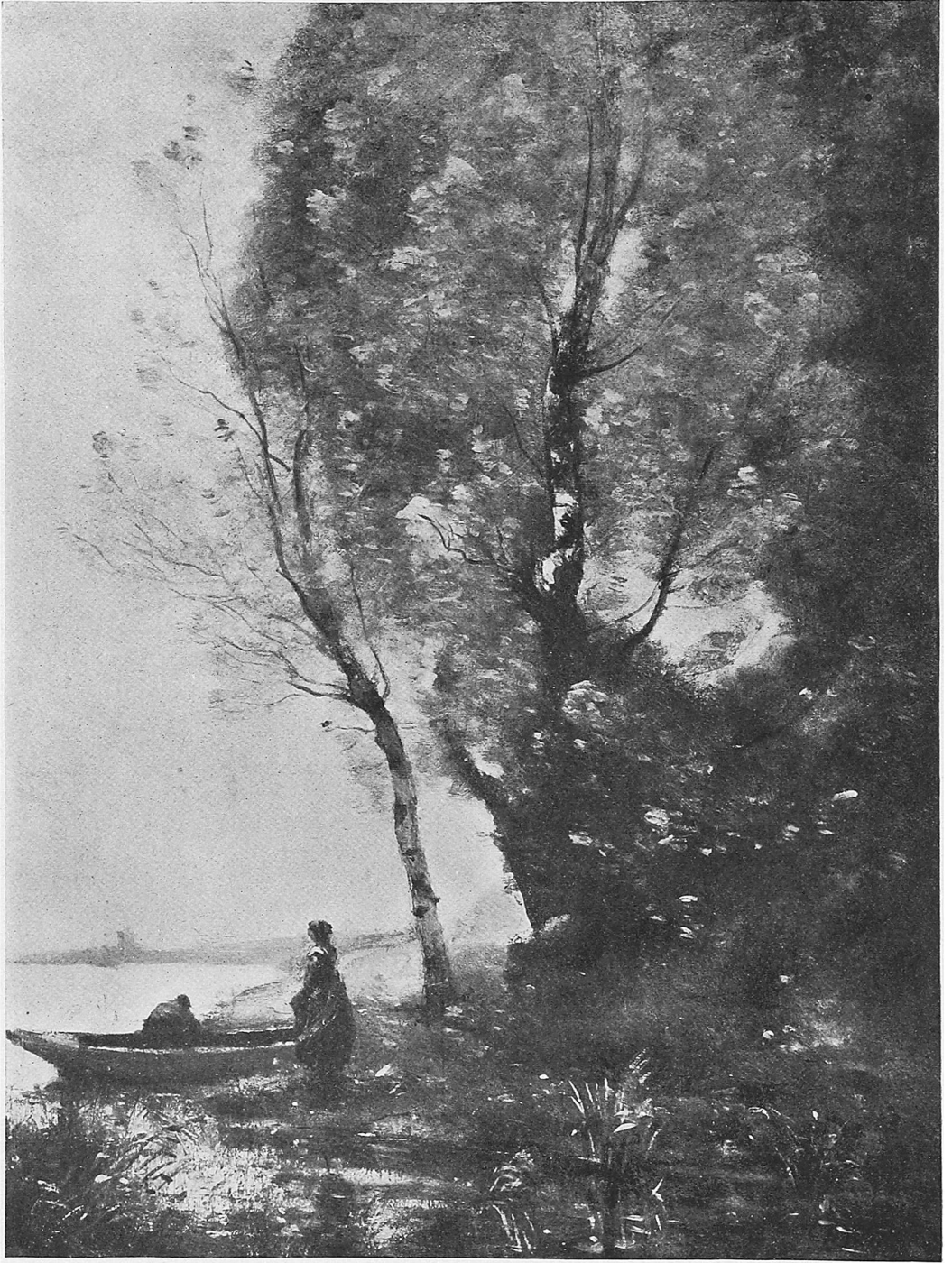
and this grey mottling continues, excepting in the middle. Opposite the dark on the left, to balance it, is a group of tree stems. The centre becomes green and in the midst of it is a little spot of sky, a dot of blue the size of a nickel, and close by a dash of pale light, which is a hint of the lake. There was originally a darker tone under these light greens, and, with the heel of his brush, the painter drew, by scratching, many branches and suggested some very slight trees and bushes. These add immensely to the mystery, because they are hard to find. There is a quiet streak of light, soft sunshine, and it is here that he placed his pink figure. It is not a dark picture, but rather distinctly luminous and the effect is wonderful.

Another remarkable picture by Inness on exhibition here is called "*A Winter Morning, Montclair*," painted in 1884. The immediate foreground, which consists of



"NEAR ALBANO, ITALY"  
By INNESS

--Courtesy Moulton and Ricketts Galleries



*"UN BOSQUET AVEC PAYSANNES"*  
By COROT

—Courtesy Moulton and Ricketts Galleries

one-half the canvas, is snow, and above it is a rosy broken sky just at sunrise. From this sky, with its cloudlets, comes sufficient light to cause objects to throw faint shadows on the snow. The undulating ground carries snow of pale bluish color, only slightly darker than the sky. It is a very unusual color, select and more refined than snow in shadow by other painters. In fact, it is painted by our genius, George Inness, and not by any common man. In misty vagueness, running along the top of the slope, is a line of modest trees and suggestions of dwelling houses. In the centre of the canvas, not far off, passes an old-fashioned locomotive with a flaring smoke-stack. From it a mass

of grey smoke rises to the sky. There are sundry figures of a neutral tone and only important enough to lead the eye to two women who hang clothes on a line. All the wash is quiet in color and only one grade lower than the snow. These two women are dressed in dull clothing, but one wears a red cap and the other a quiet blue one. It is rare to find an Inness picture more naturalistic and true than this one. Though this is so uncomprisingly prosaic in its make-up, it still has a refined poetry which very few artists could equal, and is unusually poetic in composition.



"LE NID GREC"  
By COROT

—Courtesy Moulton and Ricketts Galleries

Still another Inness is a twenty-six inch canvas called "*Near Albano, Italy.*" A very irregular ground, sloping from the right to the left lower corner, bears a lot of fine trees which open near the centre and allow of a distant view to an earth-colored hill, and by it a bluish line of distance. The picture is full of interesting forms, and they were all very carefully drawn with black crayon, which has been allowed to remain. All this has been worked into appropriate contrasts by a rough wash of transparent brown-grey. It is therefore a complete picture, little developed, but suggesting all





"LE MATINS"  
By COROT

—Courtesy Moulton and Ricketts Galleries

sorts of things. Greens, quite grey in tone, are cleverly, but slightly, worked in on the black-line branches. There is a hint of moss on some of the tree trunks, and one little figure in gay pink. It is a remarkably clever and decidedly attractive composition.

Among the many modest works by George Inness, one here is called "*Sunset Glow*," and it has many admirers, though so simple in composition. Its refined rich tone appeals to picture lovers, perhaps all the

more so because so little disturbed by incidents. The land and trees are darkened and simplified in order to give the after-glow, which floods the sky, its proper luminosity. All red tones are destroyed by mixing with pale colors and fail in their light. By careful examination we discover many incidents in the dark land. Here a rank growth; another that has left the earth smoother, though always suggesting a grass sward; trees mount up on the right, cutting



the sky; a gleaming pool balances these forms. It is a real sunset and full of sentiment, suggesting silence and repose.

The number of motives influencing a susceptible painter like George Inness, and the variety in the treatment of them, is forever interesting. "*Near Hastings*" is a landscape most specifically recalling the banks of the Hudson River. There are many villas and villages along these steep banks, all supplying pretty glimpses of gardens, vineyards or other cultivation. Looking over into the Hudson valley the water shines in mystery, and we lose consciousness of the opposite shore, veiled by mist. But a few years since there were hundreds of sloops and schooners following each other in procession up and down this famed waterway. However, these wind-driven, out-of-date vessels only last out their day, and when time and accident have gotten the better of them, their places are not filled with new ones of their own class, but steam gets in its work here as elsewhere. The sunshine and luminous mist, characteristic of Inness, still lend their poetry to us, and will for ages, whether it be for the dressing of schooners or of coasting steamers.

"*Un Bosquet Avec Payesannes*" is perhaps the finest Corot which we have in hand. At least it is an extraordinarily attractive example of the familiar glimpses across a lakelet from a bit of broken shore, where the noble trees, which this artist used so often, occupy most of the canvas; not a large one, only nineteen and one-half inches by fourteen. Of course this is the well-known lake next to Corot's home at Avry, which he loved so well. The bit of broken shore in the foreground carries one tree clothed with full foliage beside a slender vapory tree hanging over the water. We have seen these trees before and they are old friends. The subject matter being thus familiar, it remains only to enjoy the exquisite quality of the painting and the superb tone over all, which, in reality, is

the glory of Corot. The pale bluish sky and distance so light and glowing, so tender and suggestive, find their way into the body of the picture, through the vapory outlying tree. The big, solid tree looms up and catches on to this one, carrying the impression of airiness down to the foreground. This is all crowded with lively glints and suggests half-veiled sunshine. Here again is Corot's good boat and the peasant people who use it. It is entirely unimportant to consider the real subject matter of one of Corot's works. In fact, he is absolutely to be judged by the very extraordinary tone and mellow light in his pictures, and in these respects this is an exceedingly good Corot.

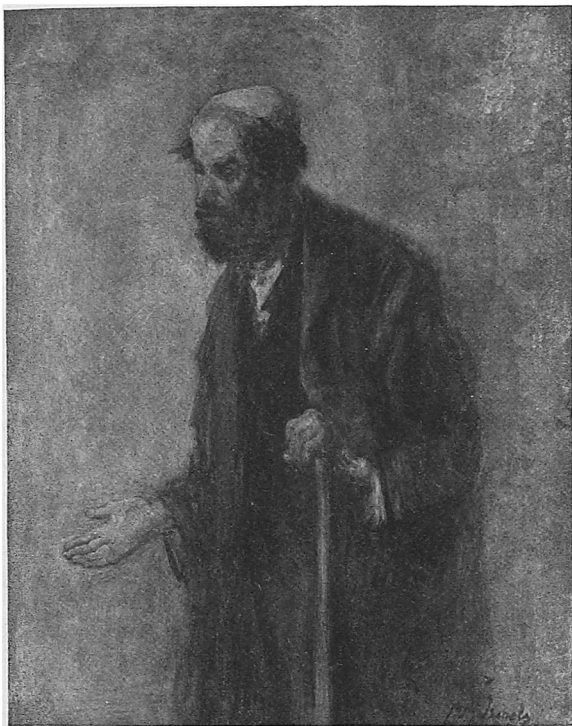
"*Le Nid Grec*," by Corot, is an example of the artist's painting, containing nearly every sort of brush work he has ever used. What attracts us most is the space and openness in the picture, although the entire canvas covers but a very limited number of feet. Openness and space come of good management and it matters not what the material may be if the artist makes them exist. Then we have the pleasure of feeling that everything is loose and in its place. Here is a little open space in the forest closely packed with trees and each tree is an individual. Growing up near the centre of the immediate foreground pushes a group of well-drawn trees. They are so near us that only the vibrating sparkle holds our attention. Corot is a master of this effect of shining leaves and we enjoy every passage in a crowded group like this one. Corot was the "old man" of his group of painters and his pictures hark back to the classical landscape artists. Therefore, his figures have a striking resemblance to Greek nymphs. These tones are silvery greens enriched and not cold. The dimensions of this canvas are twenty-one and one-half inches by eighteen.

The landscape, "*Le Matins*," by Corot, embodies all his good qualities, and, naturally, it has already found a new owner



*"THE SABBATH"*  
By ISRAELS

—Courtesy Moulton and Ricketts Galleries



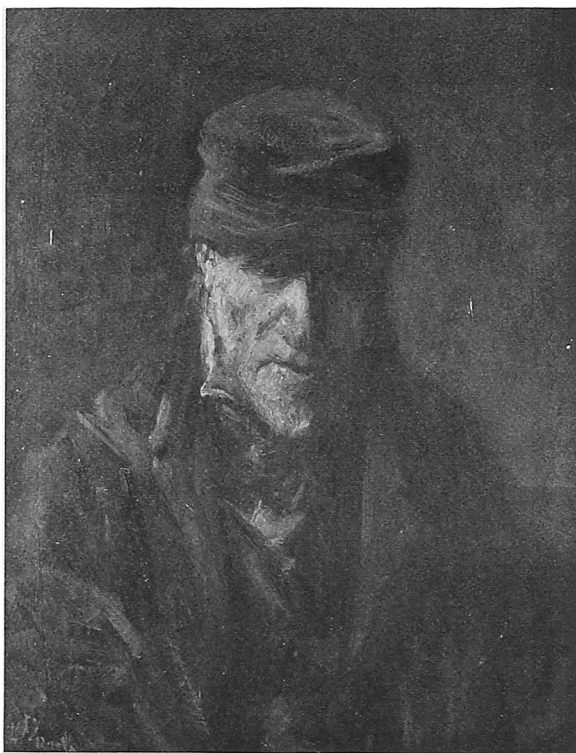
"OLD BEGGAR" By ISRAELS  
—Courtesy Moulton and Ricketts Galleries

in Chicago. Corot was the oldest, in point of years, of the Barbizon group. He did not paint nature with the same exactness that marks Constable's pictures, and still they are, in a way, true. Arrangement for artistry's sake is apparent in this picture as in everything. But Corot invented his own scheme of tone and color, which contrasted effectively with that usually used by the Academical painters. His color was so fresh, cool and crisp that it made all the then-used colors look heavy and feverish. For these reasons the lovers of a change began to adore the work of this amiable, unselfish and modest man. Corot's color and lines were like himself—lovable.

We now come to four character paintings by that great master of poetry, Josef Israels, of Holland. During early and middle life Israel's pictures looked like French genre pic-

tures, because he studied in Paris in the studio of Paul Delaroche, who was a painter of hard facts, dry, but well drawn. It was not until in recent years that Israels developed his somewhat rough but forceful technique.

The most characteristic of these canvases by Israels is one entitled "*The Sabbath*," some twenty-odd inches high, and in the artist's most mature method. In this a venerable man sits in a much-used rush chair painted black, the entire picture being a series of various blacks. The background is a blackish grey and there appears to be an open door behind the figure which is another black, and which may be the door of his domicile. The little black cap is yet another tone, and these variations are continued through an old black coat, vest, trousers and shoes. In his left



"PORTRAIT OF A FISHERMAN" By ISRAELS  
—Courtesy Moulton and Ricketts Galleries



"RETURNING HOME"  
By ISRAELS

—Courtesy Moulton and Ricketts Galleries

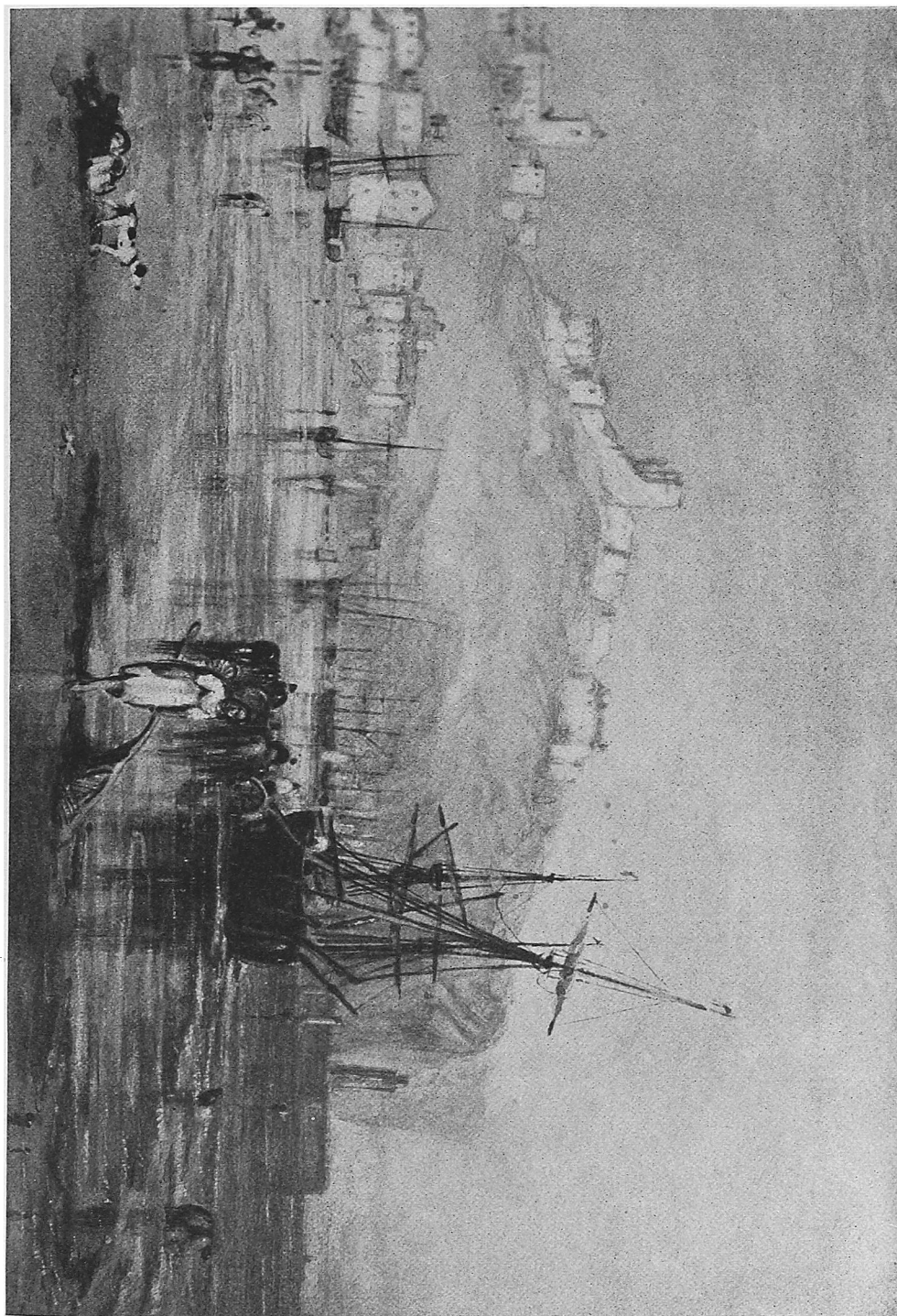
hand is a walking stick and in his right a heavy red leather book. The face is undoubtedly a portrait and full of character, in a very grave flesh tone, but of excellent quality.

Israels shows here his arrival at the period of his greatest worth. There is nothing on this canvas that suggests an anecdote, but rather a serene figure, a man who looks upon life very seriously. From the point of view of painting, this is a masterpiece. The complete absence of pretty color is in keeping with the gravity of the figure, and yet these extraordinarily grey tones tell of maturity of character and maturity of artistic feeling. There is something touching in this sedate figure. He seems to be a person of importance, and yet exceedingly modest and quiet. There is force in a work of this sort, because the artist has not yielded to the temptation to introduce any signs of prettiness. In look-

ing at pictures of the French school we are likely to be somewhat disturbed by the effort made to introduce beauty and color for their own sake, and we turn to a picture of this fine period of Israels' with great satisfaction. There can remain no doubt of the genius of this painter.

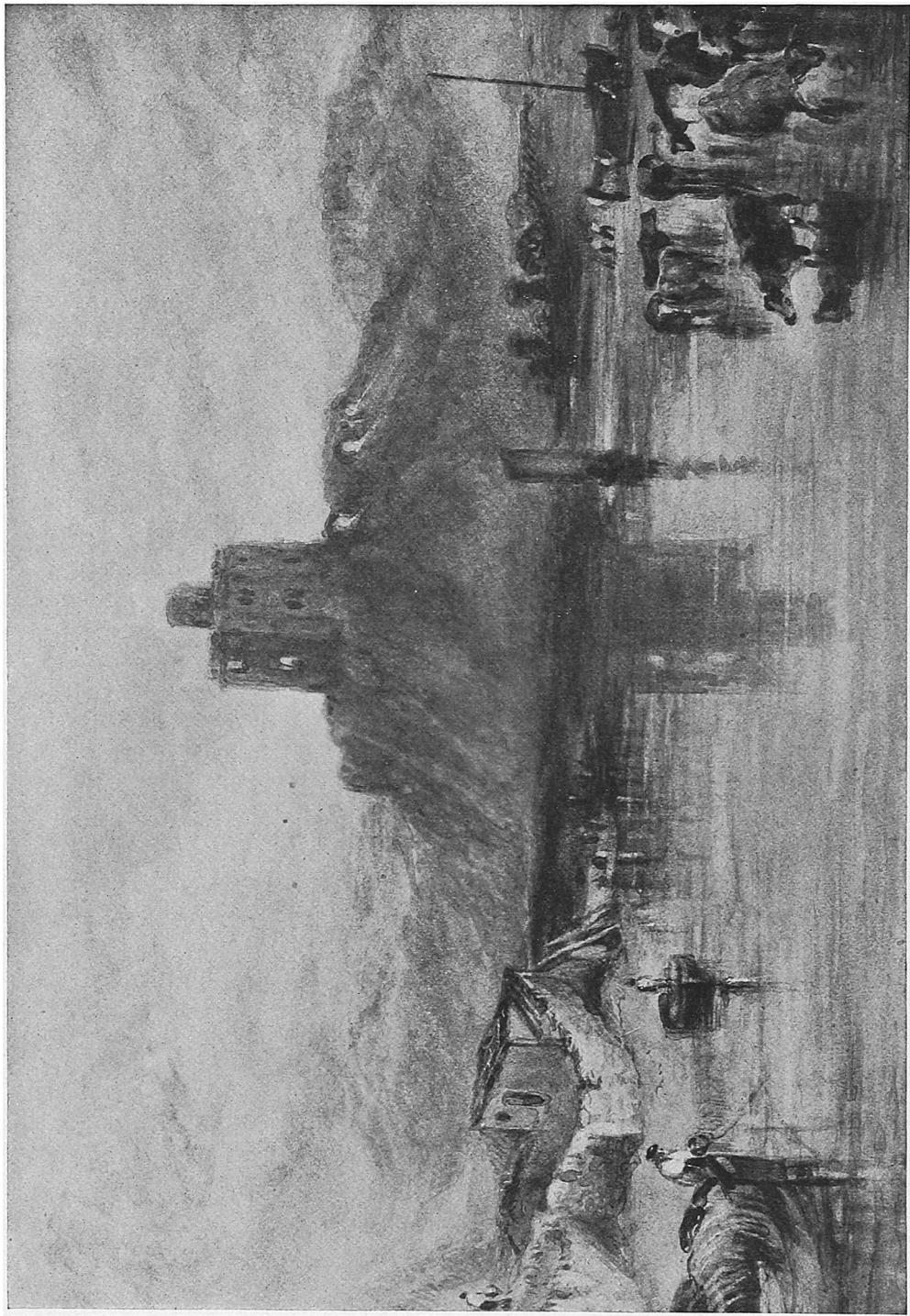
On a canvas twenty-two inches high he has painted the "*Portrait of a Fisherman*," a characterful portrayal of a hard-featured man with a great deal of expression. It is worth studying this picture to note the curious twist of the old man's mouth, his big nose and kindly eyes. He wears a faded black cap, and a suit of clothes which are innocent of the smoothing process of the tailor's goose. Cap and coat and background and shadowed side of the face are kept in a series of grey tones, but the lighted side surely talks exceedingly well of weather-beaten flesh. A wisp of grey whisker on the chin and the same on the

"SCARBOROUGH CASTLE"  
By TURNER



—Courtesy Moulton and Ricketts Galleries





"BAMBOROUGH CASTLE"  
By TURNER

—Courtesy Moulton and Ricketts Galleries

cheeks, tells of the man's age, and aids the scheme of color.

A third Israels, entitled "*Returning Home*," presents an old woman bearing her burden accompanied by a little girl, as the day ends, and gives the artist his opportunity to appeal to the sympathies of mankind. For background there is stretched a band of tall, growing wheat, and some vague hints of distance, very reserved in handling. Like all Israels' pictures, we question what meaning may be attached to it. This tall wheat is like a drapery, and, of course, the field has an owner. Therefore, we at once turn over in our minds the condition, the evident prosperity of someone contrasted with the squalid appearance of the peasant. Then the pretty child, so early in life faced with life's hardships, and we see her future revealed in the old woman's present condition of hard and hopeless toil. The color is greyed-purple and gold, and early twilight the hour. This is painted on a canvas twenty-four by thirty inches.

A fourth Israels is a water color, eighteen inches high, called "*The Old Beggar*." Although in water color it resembles very greatly the first two oils described, the clothing quite like them, but a little yellow skull cap is set on the back of his head. With his left hand he rests on a cane, and his right hand "reaches out its eager palm." The expression of the face suggests a little self-consciousness and indicates plainly, the mendicant. In some respects Israels' water colors are more agreeable than his oils, owing largely to the tender quality of all water color paintings. His touch is decidedly loose, but the forms are solid, a fine combination.

Two modest-sized examples of Turner's work, and he is the greatest landscape painter of modern times, have recently come to Chicago and are now on exhibition here. Both are water colors, worked in the same manner as a large number of this artist's productions. Examples of this

style for many years hung in several basement rooms of the National Gallery, where they were one of the sights of London. Recently these have been re-arranged and changed in location. Many of such water colors have been collected by various private individuals, and these we now have in hand belong to that category. Though less than a foot long, their execution and finish leaves nothing to desire, and their colors are pure and spirited, as fresh as new. These bear the touch and color of Turner's best work, made in what is popularly called his "middle period." It so happens that I have known these pictures for many years, and admired them most sincerely, sharing with many others this appreciation.

One of these pictures is an accurate view of "*Bamborough Castle*" in England. Looking across a river's mouth, we see a steep rock hill, surmounted by a ruined castle. A thick and ponderous square tower, flanked by sundry smaller ruins, forms the principal feature. This tower occupies the top of a hill and rises bluish and fairly dark against a clear afternoon sky which is of a tone that might be seen at sunset; indeed, the sun is hidden by this square tower which throws its reflections in the water and the sunshine falls to the right and left into the corners of the picture. The lower corners on either side catch the rays of the sun and are exceedingly warm with brilliant costumes on some people, and the colors of boats. In fact, these are exceedingly useful as well as beautifully illustrated, showing perfectly Turner's great poetical period. They carry out the simple principle of bluish darks amid amber lights, the old principle of a contrast of red and yellow and blue.

The other water color called, "*Scarborough Castle*," follows the same scheme of color, though otherwise composed. In this case, blue is in the water, and the fragments of ruins, strung across the top of the cliff, are in full warm light. The one side of the cliff is steep and in shadow, of



"COWS NEAR DITCH"  
By WM. MARIS

—Courtesy Moulton and Ricketts Galleries

course bluish. We find here, again, that which occurs so frequently in Turner's pictures, interesting groups of people and boats in varied colors. A bit of beach near the foreground is not altogether true in color, but it forms part of the beautiful warm tone which gives sunshine and brilliancy to the charming little picture. As it is so very difficult to secure good Turner's, these two examples of his best period should be hung in some public gallery and they would be a blessing to the art lecturers because it is so perplexing to thoroughly understand Turner's schemes.

In several pictures by William Maris, here illustrated, we find the principle of dancing lights very plainly and skillfully presented. Their colors are exceedingly tender and the forms are loosely placed on the canvas; not anxiously finished, but still

complete. In his picture called "*Cows near Ditch*" (about eighteen inches long), the light coming from the sun in the sky in front of us is reflected in the water of the foreground and illuminates the cows' backs and the edges of their bodies. The brilliant sparkling of the sunlight in the water echoes in the glints of light on their hides.

Another William Maris, entitled "*Landscape*," is a Dutch meadow, with three cows, the centre one mahogany-colored, on the right a spotted creature, and beyond one that is white. The green of the meadow grass plays an important part in contrast with the warm dark grey of the creatures. Some delicate clouds catch the light and on the extreme left of the horizon is the conventional windmill and a sailing craft in the canal. These dark cows compose with dark bushes in the meadow.

A companion to this, "*Landscape with Cows*," measuring fourteen inches, is exactly the same effect, though as different as two landscapes can be. The grass is green on the right, and the lefthand side shows a ragged canal leading to where the water sparkles and the heavy sailing boat makes its way. There appears to be more paint loaded in this one than the other. To prevent the boats making too strong a spot, a flock of birds hovers in the sky above, which unites the dark sail to the sky. Nothing could be more glinting and spirited, the light permeating this picture and catching on every reflecting object. There is another William Maris expressing almost the same effect. A dark cow working down the bank of a canal, to drink, somewhat disturbing a flock of ducks swimming there. Again we have the green grass on the landside, which sparkles very much in places, and the reddish cow, her dark side

toward us, blending with the darkish bushes by which she is posed, while the herbage is very nearly the same color as the cow.

Also another William Maris, entitled "*Cow Drinking*," size fourteen inches long, has a white cow going down to drink in the water. The same green grass and a dark mass of bushes reaches up above the top of the frame. Though there are very few details on this canvas, the tall grasses are indicated by light catching on the leaves, and in the bushes are bright glintings. There is no dark cow, but one all white, brilliantly illuminated on the back. Along the neck and the bulging side of the animal is a profound shade. In fact, the whole picture is low in tone, one of the richest I have seen by William Maris. Both the light side and dark side of his cow are extremely rich in color and tone, and yet it is one of the most sparkling works that he has ever painted.



"LANDSCAPE WITH COWS"  
By WM. MARIS

--Courtesy Moulton and Ricketts Galleries



*"COW DRINKING"*  
By WM. MARIS

—Courtesy Moulton and Ricketts Galleries



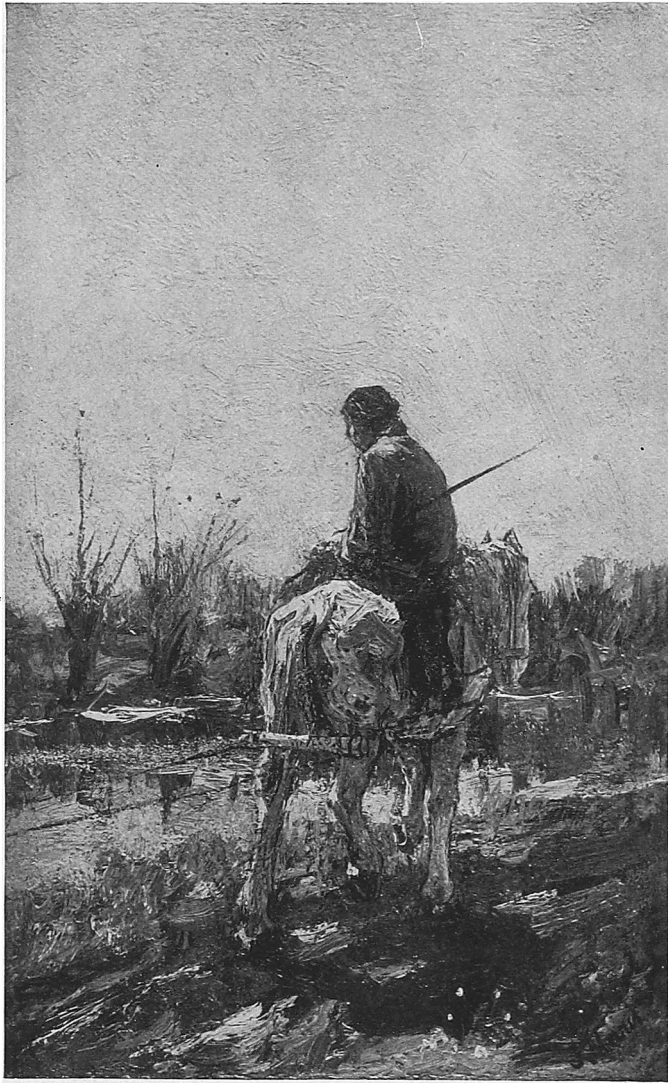
*"MILKING TIME"*  
By WM. MARIS

—Courtesy Moulton and Ricketts Galleries



Under the title "*Milking Time*," William Maris comes before us again with one of the most gleaming representations of sunshine permeating an entire landscape. Scarcely another painter has the talent to so direct the attention to an effect of brilliant light, and this is, indeed, an important example of William Maris' work. It measures twenty by thirty-two inches, which makes an excellent home picture. Again we have a Dutch landscape, broken ground, cattle, a bit of quiet house in the distance, and the natural belongings to Dutch life, including a hungry calf and the woman who cares for the domestic animals. The usual clumsy boat floats in this home canal kept against the bank by a pole thrust into the water. The entire picture is a presentation of gleaming sunshine and brilliancy.

The older brother of William is Jacob Maris. Though he generally does not paint with that dancing, nimble touch which marks the work of the younger brother, we have here a twelve-inch canvas called "*The Towing Path*," that is full of life. In our photograph it looks very like William's work, and the sun coming towards us illuminates a white horse's back and catches brilliantly every projecting form in the landscape. The man is mounted on the horse, both legs over one side, as if he were sitting in an easy chair. The fact that the horse is towing a boat is very plainly suggested by the harness. The picture should be viewed from a distance, and, like all Jacob's work, is full of concealed color.



"TOWING PATH"  
By JACOB MARIS

—Courtesy Moulton and Ricketts Galleries

Sold to a deserving collector, is an important work, thirty-one and one-half by fifty-one inches, by Schreyer, "*Arabs on the Advance*." On a ragged hilltop, overlooking a wide extent of country, an Arab chief has brought his handsome horse to a standstill, and is waited upon by a large staff of attendants. His hand is outstretched and points to a heavy smoke, as of burning cottages, off in the distance. In the immediate foreground two horsemen dash by and



"ARABS ON THE ADVANCE"  
By SCHREYER

—Courtesy Moulton and Ricketts Galleries

one of them looks at their commander, as if to make sure that he understands the orders. One of these scouts mounts a dark horse, the other a white. It is not necessary to say that these horses make figures full of grace and bounding life—Schreyer may or may not draw horses correctly, but he does make them live. Even one of the best horse painters of Europe, who was extraordinarily correct, cannot give so much vitality to a moving horse as can Schreyer. This picture is rich throughout, but the Oriental colors in coats and trousers are gorgeous beyond description. It is a much admired painting.

A little Constable has come to us, a water color, six by eight inches in size, which gives an excellent idea of the treatment of landscape at the hands of this man of originality. It is easy to see in this work, size of small dimensions, the origin of the

French Barbizon School. It is a wonderful circumstance that an obscure Englishman should have taught a lesson to the painters of France, as we have always expected that the movement would be in the other direction. The cause of this is easily found. We must keep clearly in mind the excessively conventional style of all landscapes of this period, the end of the eighteenth century. There was no actuality in them. There was a large number of young painters who revolted at this bad conventionality and struggled for more sincerity: but they lacked a leader. Constable, who lived alone at his rural birthplace in England, studied nature and painted it faithfully, painted nature's moods, its sunshine and its rains. His English fellow painters ridiculed his work, which was so true that none of them recognized it, because art, as they saw it, was not nature, but an artificial-



"WATER COLOR"  
By CONSTABLE

—Courtesy Moulton and Ricketts Galleries



"CROWN OF THE SIERRAS"  
By KEITH

—Courtesy Moulton and Ricketts Galleries

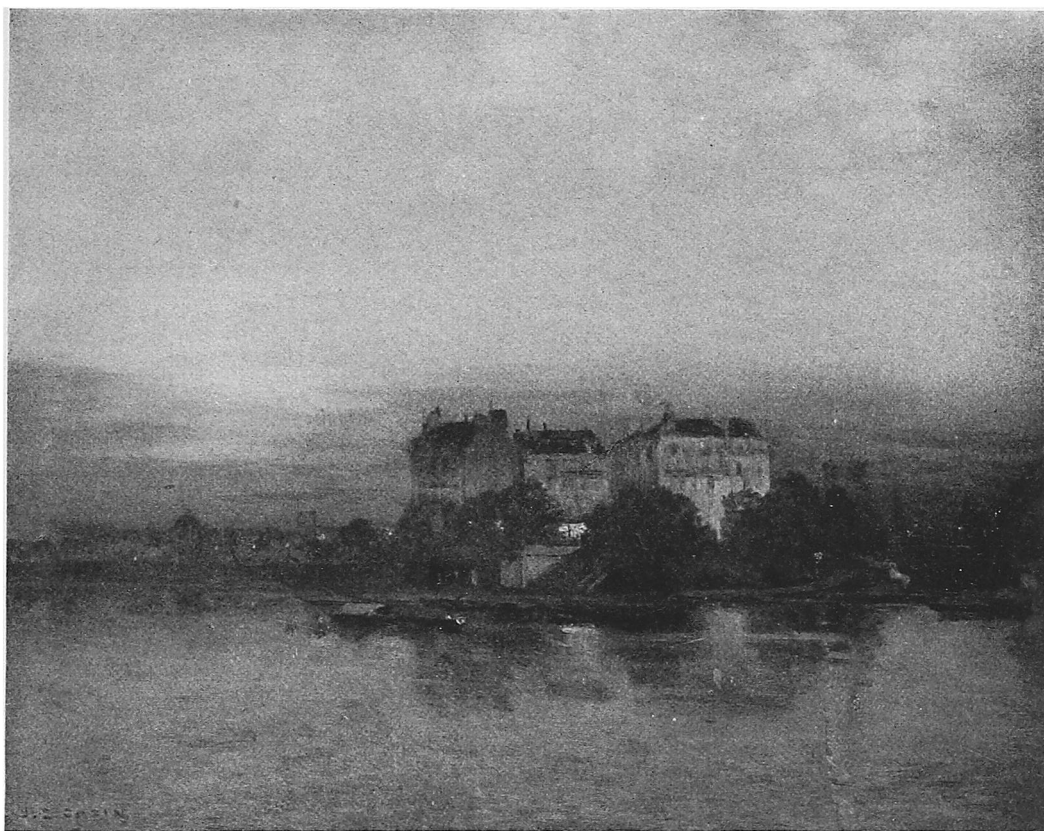


ity. One point must not be overlooked, the fact that all art must be somewhat artificially arranged, and Constable's pictures were a happy unity of artificiality and exact nature. Therefore, when Constable sent his work for exhibition in the Paris Salon, the restless young Frenchmen acclaimed it as the very thing they were looking for—exact nature artistically treated. Out of this influence came the Barbizon school, which had to fight and strive for recognition by the Academicians, but which finally won the battle, as we know.

A large canvas, three feet by six feet in measurement, was put to service by William Keith, in 1901, to paint the "*Crown of the Sierras, Headwaters of the Merced River.*" This is a showing of a tremendous action of Nature, a series of immense rocks, in suc-

cessive ridges, leading back to snowclad peaks, not so very far off, because we stand well up on the mountain. The principal feature and centre of the composition is the violent plunge of the Merced River over the huge rocks into the valley out of sight and below the picture's frame. It seems to have thrust its waters into our faces, so near and real is it. A succession of these mighty ledges leads the eye back, through a sort of valley, to the hardest, rocky, pointed sawteeth, with much snow gathered in its crevices. Sundry gnarled pines guard the middle of the scene, with a quiet bluish sky above, as it is summertime. Literalism is carried to its limits and roughness prevails. This is not sweet poetry, but a sunny tragedy.

Cazin's paintings are always easily sold,



"PARIS AT EVENING"  
By CAZIN

—Courtesy Moulton and Ricketts Galleries





"THE MARATIME ALPS"  
By HARPIGNIES

—Courtesy Moulton and Ricketts Galleries

as was his "*Paris at Evening*," which has found its way to this city. It shows a group of pale grey buildings at the end of St. Louis Island, in the Seine. Cazin's simple, lovable grey tones make this beautiful and peaceful.

Some important pictures are also to be seen in the home of another Chicago collector, among which is a fine Harpignies, "*The Maritime Alps*," and a decidedly individual Weissenbruch. As a rendering of interesting facts, very few painters could equal Harpignies and the dimensions of this picture are quite sufficient to make it impressive. This is one of the most poetical pictures I have ever seen by this artist.

In this Harpignies you will note that apparently the objects in the picture are floating in atmosphere, and we find the statement exceedingly agreeable. Off in the distance the range of Alps stretches from side to side of the canvas, their snow tops suggesting a clear atmosphere. While a feeling of great-

ness and might in the mountains is very specific, this range does not occupy any considerable extent of the canvas. These stretch away under a large blue sky, an atmospheric blue, unbroken by clouds or other disturbances. The foreground occupies about one-half the picture. It is rugged and broken with great variety in texture: some earth, some rocks, some grass, generally speaking, grey greenish. In the centre of the picture a somewhat open tree, with finely drawn branches, is thrown up across the sky. This tree is made exceedingly interesting by the exquisite drawing of the branches. Through its interstices the entire picture is visible so that the open tree unites with the landscape in a very charming manner. There are certain solid masses of foliage on the right, but the interesting object is a castle and town beyond this tree in the middle distance, and this glimmers and gleams in the sunshine.

The Weissenbruch above mentioned is

a fine example of deliciously rich colors and fullness of texture, and a gravity that is irresistible. It is, quite naturally, a "*Dutch Landscape*," and the principal object a very old brick house, and suggests the village of Laren, south of the Zuyder Zee. Each Dutch village is likely to have a certain individuality, by means of which we can place the scene of the picture. This old house has the low walls and lofty thatch, which give it a picturesque character, and we, of course, wonder why the walls should be so very low, scarcely high enough to admit of a man walking under the eaves; but we probably should find the reason in economical conditions. The very high roof is built of poles and thatch, which does not cost so much as brick walls. Whatever else it does, it makes a building that aids the artist very much in picture-making. This big house was once red, and has some

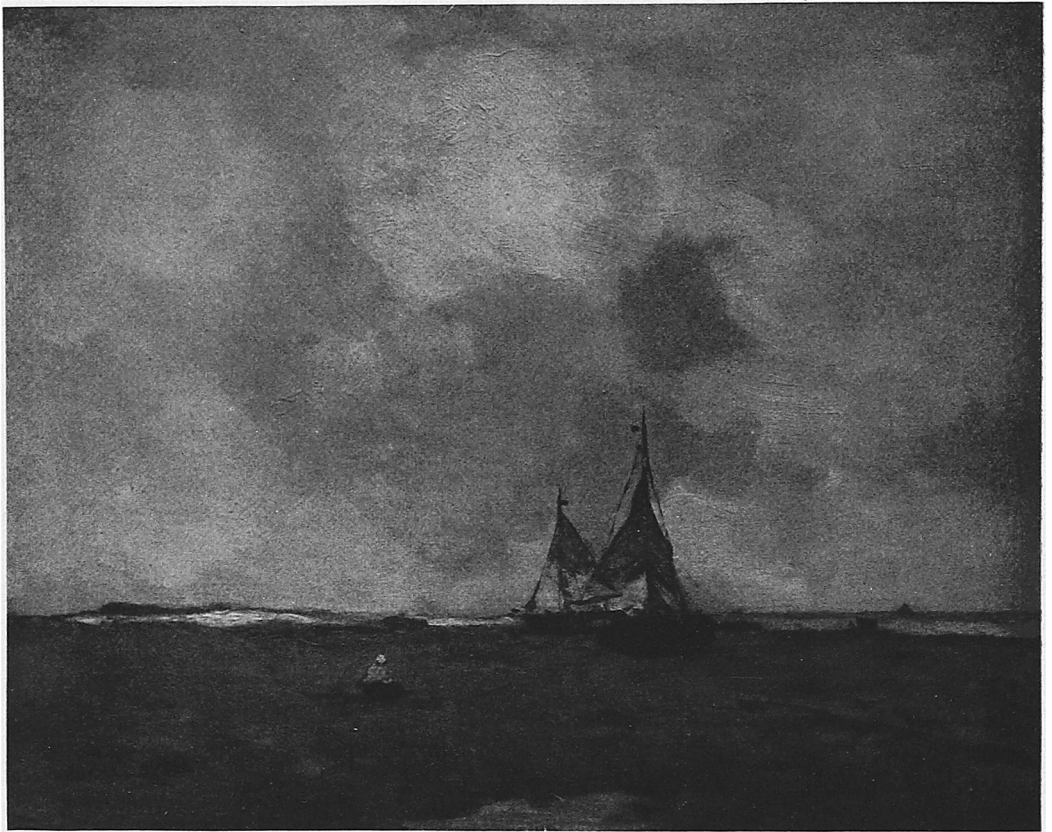
of that color left; but, with the damp climate and passage of time, it is very much dulled, and, of course, rich. There is this dark house in shadow which gives the artist an opportunity to display his talent in securing impressive color, and there are very few painters who can equal him in this direction. The apparent blackness of the old thatch is beautifully managed with a vibrating dark which is not black at all.

This house is standing on a rise of ground so that it is boldly projected against the blue sky, all of which works exceedingly well for certain low chimneys which break up, somewhat, its ponderous form. As anybody knows, the Dutch are exceedingly fond of painting doors and window shutters a very gay green, which, in time, becomes modified, but still retains its quality, and, in this instance, makes a nice contrast with the windows hung with white muslin



"DUTCH LANDSCAPE"  
By WEISSENBRUCH

—Courtesy Moulton and Ricketts Galleries



"LOW TIDE"  
By WEISSENBRUCH

—Courtesy Moulton and Ricketts Galleries

sash curtains. The artist is able to paint a most wonderful green grass, which works into his scheme of fat color in a very beautiful way. Striking across the house a rugged tree stands up against the side. A woman in the foreground feeds chickens and there are some scraps of white scattered in the grass. The canvas measures about thirty inches in length and everything in it is wonderfully dignified, solid and agreeable.

Within a short time several canvases by this well-known artist have been sold in Chicago. A modest seashore picture by Weissenbruch, entitled "*Near the Shore*," measuring eight and one-half by fourteen and one-half inches, will hang in a fine home. Though so modest in size, we find

all the Dutch artist's virtues here. A wide reach of flat sand stretches between low hills and the sea, and this makes the foreground. A little way out, in deeper water, a fishing boat scuds along the shore, and other boats indicate fisher activities. All of it is so innocent of prearrangement and so luminous in color that we rest our tired nerves in its company. It is dated 1870, a period when the great genius of this painter had not been generally recognized. But he was always uncommonly talented and a good colorist.

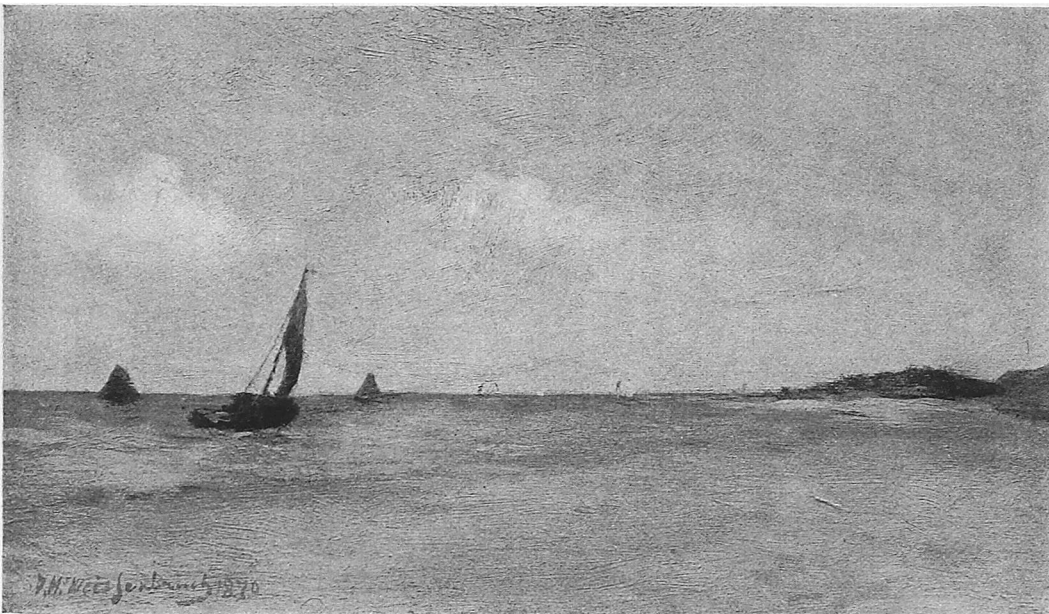
Another Weissenbruch, entitled "*Low Tide*," is now the property of a public gallery. A wide reach of flat at low water, a narrow strip of sea along the horizon, a low sand dune, two boats left by the reced-

ing tide, on which nets hang out to dry, and a fine lofty sky, make the composition. This reach of flat is kept in a rich tone by the stuff growing on it, some grass and weeds and other herbage, all rich in color. One of the effects which strike the visitor to Holland is the fact that the landscapes are largely sky. The land seems to be a thin flat strip, the sky soars over this and seems full of portent, of wind, of activities and threats. It is a peculiar country, both air and earth full of water. It is evident that Dutch Weissenbruch loves his sodden native land, as all good patriots do their own.

We show here a "*Landscape*" by that very loved artist, Jules Dupré, a small canvas measuring ten by sixteen inches. This is a rural landscape with a dark, neutral green meadow leading back to a darker line of distance, in a broken sky with rolling clouds all tending to blue, but still hardly more than grey. The land is somewhat warmer in tint, in contrast to this coolness. A light road runs from the right lower corner to the centre of the horizon, and there unites with a central incident, a white

house and windmill, by an oak tree. To concentrate the effect the foreground is made quite dark. Nearly all of Dupré's pictures follow this scheme to a certain extent and are subtle and poetical. On ten inches of canvas it is difficult to paint much incident. A few simple forms are sufficient to carry the tone which is the beauty of the picture. Also, another Jules Dupré, entitled "*Off French Coast*," which measures twenty-six by thirty-two inches, with a high sky and low horizon. This is all grey and cool; a group of cumulous clouds rolls along the horizon, but is kept very quiet. It is a country of subdued greens, choice color and effective handling. The cloudy sky is opened at one point to reveal a spot of blue sky. There is a white house in the distance and a dark windmill. All the left of the composition represents a sleeping sea. This sober picture is held together by a dark line reaching from side to side at the immediate foreground. Very few painters can use so many simple grey tones with such success as can Dupré.

An excellent landscape painter, who also



"NEAR THE SHORE"  
By WEISSENBRUCH

—Courtesy Moulton and Ricketts Galleries



"OFF FRENCH COAST"  
By JULES DUPRE

—Courtesy Moulton and Ricketts Galleries

produces human figures with correctness and vitality, is not common. L'hermitte, the Frenchman, has produced many paintings of peasants occupied in the sunlit fields, and he is in the habit of presenting at the annual salon, large canvases with life-sized figure groups. He has the ability to paint a human figure with care and precision, and, at the same time, make it a part and parcel of the landscape surroundings. It has been plain for a long time that most figure painters do not plant their figures in atmosphere, that the figure and its immediate surroundings fall apart. But this artist is one of those who can paint figures as they actually appear in the open air, so that the wonderfully rendered heads and clothes,

hands and farming tools are all a part of the atmosphere and light of the picture. L'hermitte has few competitors in his peculiar line, although there are a great many painters trying to do this part. To flood the trees and meadows and figures with one and the same feeling of light is by no means easy of attainment. In fact, L'hermitte is a talented artist, and makes extraordinary pictures.

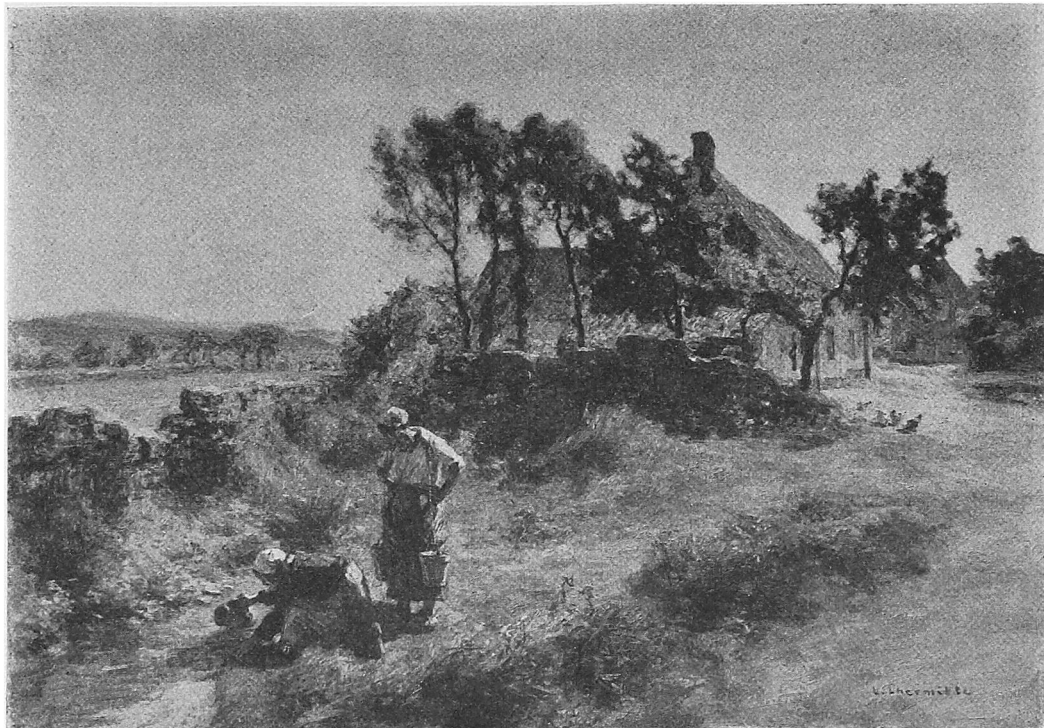
Naturally his canvases are not all sufficiently expansive to carry life-size figures, else the majority of homes could not contain them. Palaces and homes are different, though a palace might be homelike. But we generally live in homes which afford a more intimate comfort than a grand edifice:





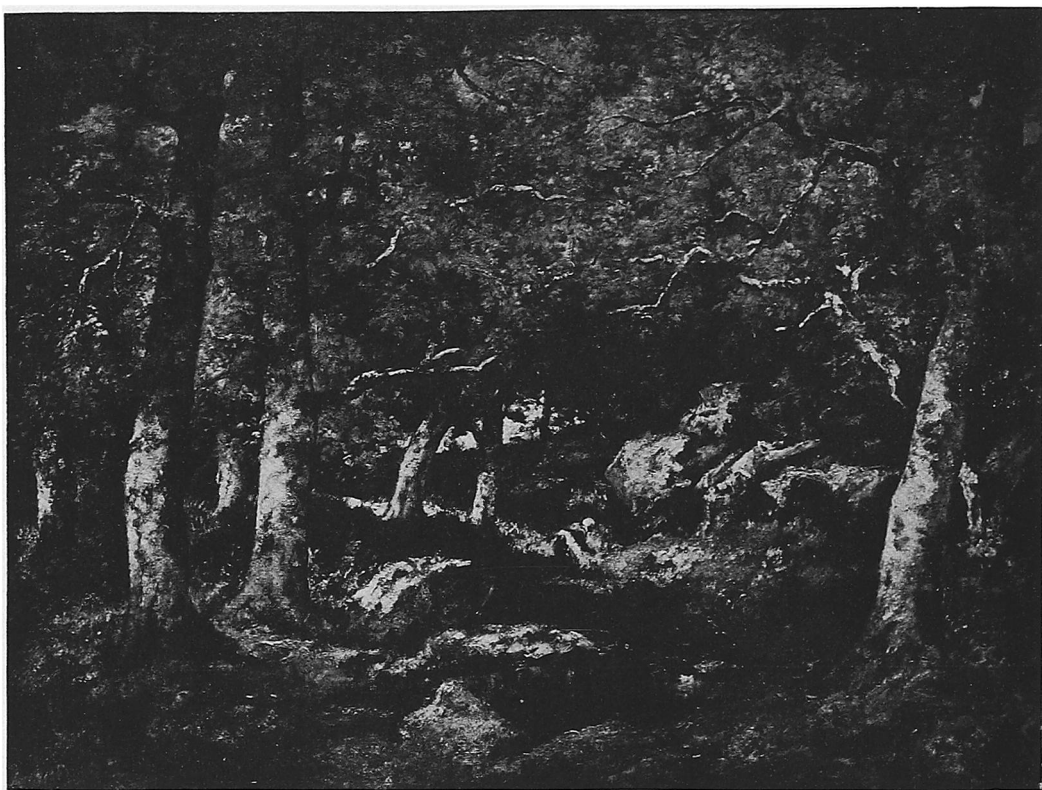
"LANDSCAPE"  
By JULES DUPRE

—Courtesy Moulton and Ricketts Galleries



"LES PUISEUSES D'EAU"  
By L'HERMITTE

—Courtesy Moulton and Ricketts Galleries



"INTERIOR OF THE FOREST"  
By DIAZ

—Courtesy Moulton and Ricketts Galleries

therefore we have to meet the conditions by painting big canvases only from time to time. If I am not greatly mistaken, the pictures of more moderate dimensions fill an important place in the world. "*Les Puisseuses d'Eau*" measures twenty by thirty inches, and the two peasant girls coming to the spring to dip up water are not of considerable dimensions, though very correctly made. What really startles us, in the picture, is the glorious burst of sunshine which sends the light flooding the grass, the near-by stone wall, the old farmhouse and the figures at the spring. This old stone farmhouse is the painter's treasure. Picturesque as are French farms, this one has few competitors. There is a snugness in the situation, a screen of trees and broken wall suggest the quiet life and the far-reaching meadow looks up peacefully at the

shining sky. The prevailing color of the canvas tends towards yellow, but a yellow harmonizing with everything else because of its treatment. Passages of blue, green and brown relieve it from hotness. This artist has a fine color sense and it is unfortunate we are obliged to dismiss this exquisite picture after cataloging its paints.

Probably the art of Daubigny shows this influence more than any other of the Barbizon men, except that he leans toward literal truth rather than toward artistic arrangement. The picture, "*Evening*," by him, which we illustrate, was painted in the presence of the Seine, as Daubigny floated about in his studio boat searching for the picturesque, and where he sat to paint what he discovered. Measuring fifteen by twenty-six inches, it is of attractive size and is very true to Nature. After noting

all its features in deep grey tones, the artist touched up the faraway clouds with glowing but not overbrilliant colors.

We will have to tarry a moment to review two forest landscapes painted by M. Diaz. Of course, "*Forest of Fontainebleau*" is the forest of Fontainebleau, where Diaz painted so continuously, and its character is well sustained. An excessively rugged hill strewn with rude boulders, and carrying many picturesque trees, calls vividly the impression made by the forest. The little scene is exceedingly picturesque, and added to its stirring composition are the numerous glints of sunshine trailing over tree trunks and foot paths, up to the spot above where the forest opens to the sky. This is among the best examples of the work of Diaz that it has been our pleasure to see. "*Interior of the Forest*" is painted in the same manner and is a fine example of this artist's work.

At this point of our review it is very appropriate to examine a picture by Mauve, called "*Wood Cutter*." Because it is a water color, it has no deep rich colors, but a series of delicate pale greys. In a forest of saplings, now leafless because it is early winter, stands a dark horse hitched up to a rude wagon, and these two darkish spots unite with a bulky tree trunk and another sapling, both of them dark. The wood chopper is somewhat bundled up as though it were cold and the horse's freezing breath proves the fact. The ground is thickly strewn with fallen leaves, but these are not colored with autumn foliage. The handling and color are true to the traditions of Mauve. Now, those who are familiar with this Dutch artist's work can readily imagine the strange tender grey which permeates every part of the picture. This grey is a beautiful color and we perceive that "fine



"FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU"  
By DIAZ

—Courtesy Moulton and Ricketts Galleries



"WOOD CUTTER"  
By MAUVE

—Courtesy Moulton and Ricketts Galleries

color" need not be red, blue or yellow, but may be simply a fine grey. There is no distance represented excepting as the eye penetrates very slightly the tangled mass of saplings. Any artist might be proud of the easy execution and the fine color which shows itself in every square inch of this little picture.

"*Going to Pasture*," a Jacque, in oils, about three feet long, is a good specimen of this noted artist's work. As may be expected, a flock of sheep, occupying almost all the foreground, is the principal feature. These sheep move along the side of a rich green forest, pretty solidly painted, but with detached tree trunks coming down close beside the figures, so that the lights on the bark unite with the lights on the sheep, carrying the eye through the picture. All

the tones are very rich, including the blue petticoat of the knitting shepherdess. The black dog in the centre of the canvas furnishes a necessary accent. The ground, what there is of it, is a broken, dull, low green. The sky in the left-hand upper corner, looking over the tree tops, is quite low in tone, but has a brilliant white cloud against a bit of lively blue. Of course, the handling is very bold, employing a large quantity of paint.

A Henner, called "*Ideal Head*," twenty-one inches high, shows us the artist at his best, and is exceedingly lively in color. The flesh painting is worthy of the artist, cool and pale and very clear. About the shoulders is drawn a brilliant and beautiful red drapery, light in tone. The wavy hair falling to the shoulders carries a red which

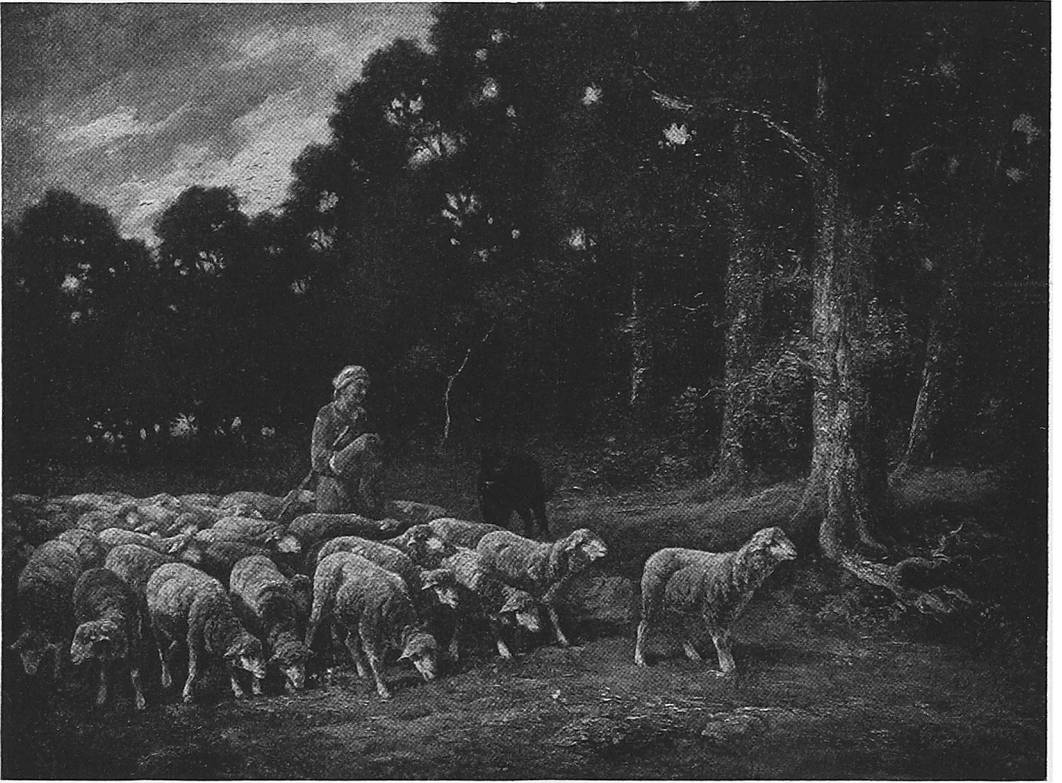


"A WALLACHIAN BLIZZARD"  
BY ADOLPH SCHREYER



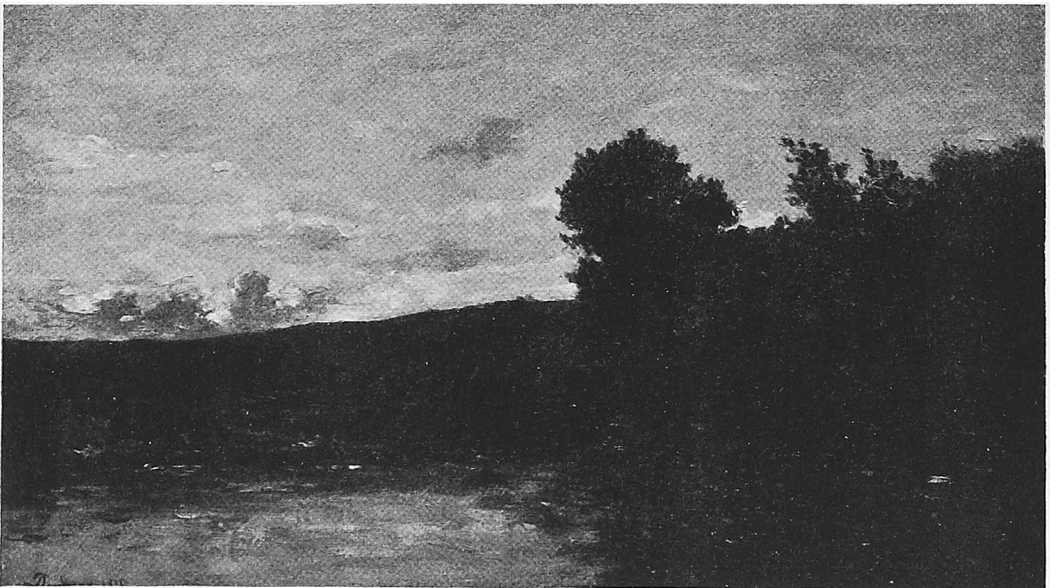
—Courtesy Moulton & Ricketts Galleries





*"GOING TO PASTURE"*  
By JACQUE

—Courtesy Moulton and Ricketts Galleries



*"EVENING"*  
By DAUBIGNY

—Courtesy Moulton and Ricketts Galleries



"IDEAL HEAD" By HENNER  
—Courtesy Moulton and Ricketts Galleries

might be called orange-red, a new note. It is not painted in detail, but very suggestive of loose hair. As in so many of Henner's pictures, the eyes are full of expression and tenderness. A grey-green background, tending to blue, sets off all the other colors in a striking manner. This is a most attractive work, like many other pictures by this artist, but with its own individuality.

Henner always seems to have what we may call "another tint of the same" laid away where he can find it at immediate command. To say that he paints women with rich red hair becomes trite, because the reds of his nymphs' hair are never twice alike, and they vary with great subtlety. Also the contrasting color probably is robin's egg blue, or a blue that might be robin's egg; in any case a very peculiar blue, and it is at his command to use in many witty ways. Sometimes this blue is very clear, sometimes it is merely a hint. It is quite usually metallic, but is managed

very agreeable. Many of the colors in Henner's pictures recall Limoge enamel. No one asks of an enamel that the color be that of exactly nature. Enamel is made to be abstractly beautiful, and so is Henner's color.

There is a well-known picture by Schreyer entitled "*A Wallachian Blizzard*," which we understand will soon go into one of the private collections here in Chicago. It tells its story at a glance. In a forest, in mid-winter, a blizzard has caught three travellers in the woods. The scene represents an overpoweringly sad desolation and the savage wind has driven the three travellers into a wood hovel. They have tied their horses outside and left them to get along with the storm as best they can, and their best in this case is a terrible situation. The violent wind sweeps the earth and sends the snow flying through the woods. We even look in vain for a little smoke from the old chimney, but there is none there. We are very pleased with this strong realistic picture by Schreyer, and see in the event of this purchase many pleasing incidents for the new owner.

We regret that it is not possible to illustrate and discuss in these columns all of the worthy things that have found their way to our city. The difficulty of securing photographs has prevented our showing many works that we should have been happy in presenting. To collectors who have co-operated with us toward the advancement of art in this community, by permitting the exhibition of their treasures in these pages, we wish to extend our thanks and the appreciation of our readers. It is the aim of the FINE ARTS JOURNAL to keep the public in touch with cotemporary art; particularly with such as may be seen at the great exhibitions of this country, and more particularly in Chicago. We feel that the assistance of private collectors in this worthy endeavor is an effective means of sharing with others the joy which they find in the love of art.